



Experience Points or Whatever by everybreatheverymove

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Summary: (Prompt./Sequel to "Don't Stand So Close to Me".) There's nothing accidental about their third kiss. Max is ready to go, Lucas is unsuspecting... Everything's perfect.

Experience Points or Whatever

"That's how you kiss?" Max folds her arms over her chest, the long sleeves of her baseball tee riding up to her elbows as she considers the girl in front of her.

Did El just demonstrate how she kisses her boyfriend by pressing her lips to her closed fist? Yes. Yes, she did. Did Max ask her to do such a thing? Yes. Yes, she did. And naturally she's regretting it.

Across from her, El nods, and the way her lashes flutter and her eyelids droop is a sure sign that she's dazing off. Max watches as the brunette licks her lips, ridding them of any remaining waffle crumbs before finally saying, "Most of the time."

"Most?" It's not like Max intended for there to be a scowl on her face, but it's there all the same. "Well, what about the other times?"

She's still getting used to this; hanging around another girl. A girl who's her age, a girl who's basically her polar opposite in terms of likes and dislikes. A girl who's an *actual* freaking superhero.

Max likes El, and she'll never admit it but she likes having someone to talk to and gossip with and talk smack about the boys with.

"I put my tongue in Mike's mouth last week. I saw it on TV." El says, and it's said so calmly and nonchalantly and casually that Max has a hard time keeping a straight, pale face. "I don't know if he liked it though. He never said."

There's a definite rose-colored tint to her cheeks now, and Max pulls a face in partial disgust. Her fingers fiddle against her arms, clutching at her biceps.

Lucas will be here any minute, ready to take her to the movies. And when he knocks, she's gonna greet him with a 'Hey, Stalker!' and a hug and a kiss, but, "Gross. I don't wanna shove my tongue down Lucas' throat."

El shrugs, and she doesn't say much except for a soft, mumbled, "Me

neither."

"I'll just kiss him." The redhead says, mostly to herself, "Quickly. So it's a kiss, but it's not a *kiss*. You know?"

Shaking her head, her friend simply leans back in her seat, and her eyes flicker over to the front door a good half-second before there's rapping against the wood.

Max stands to answer the door, the floorboards of the old cabin creaking beneath her feet as she moves back to let Lucas in.

"Hey." Lucas says, hands slipping inside the pockets of his cords. He peers over her shoulder, eyeing El in the distance with a small wave in the girl's direction. "Are you ready?" Turning back to Max, he asks the question, all wide-eyed and (for some reason) hopeful-looking and- *Okay*.

Without missing a beat, Max places both of her hands on his shoulders, pads of her fingertips roughly digging into the denim of his jacket. She pulls on his weight, drawing him closer as her lips purse, pucker in anticipation.

It's not hurried this time; there's no creepy stalker music playing softly in the background, and the number of kids around them that are going to ogle and point and gawk is exactly, maybe, one. El's totally harmless, and if her relationship with Mike is any indication, seeing two of her friends go in for a quick smooch that'll last four (not two this time!) seconds will go right over her head.

Perching up on her toes, Max leans into her maybe-boyfriend until her lips are pressed firmly against his, Cupid's bow of Lucas' mouth smothered against her own, breath laboured from lack of oxygen.

It's better than the first, more thought-out and relaxed, and it's definitely better than that last accidental one when he'd tripped and practically stolen a kiss from her lips without her permission.

Four - or, well, more like five - seconds later, the girl is pulling away from the boy, eyes open and mouth plump and pink and proud. She watches as Lucas' eyes remain closed, his lips parted as though she's

still kissing him, as though he's still being kissed by her (again).

"Stalker?"

Lucas looks at her then, and he runs a hand over his face to rid himself of the shamelessly boyish grin that's playing on his lips. "That was," he gulps, and Max smirks when he pauses, "nice."

"Nice?" She squeaks, almost dramatically, "It was *nice*?!"

"Yeah," Lucas nods, confirms and doesn't make note of the pissed off look on her face, "You know, it was cute." He offers, suggesting with a toss of his shoulders as though he's some kind of savant. His brows wiggle, face amused, as he says, "I was surprised."

The corner of her mouth curls into a snarl then, "Whatever, Stalker." Reaching forward, she grabs his hand, vying for her abandoned jacket off the back of a stool with the free one, "Don't get used to it."